

PEARL FISHING JUST FOR FUN

A CANADIAN AMUSEMENT THAT IS SOMETIMES PROFITABLE.

Valuable Stones Gathered in the New Brunswick Rivers by Young People Out for a Holiday—Fresh Water Pearls Important Now in the Jewelry Trade.

They fish for pearls the world over for profit merely, but up in the province of New Brunswick, Canada, pearl fishing is a social amusement. That it is profitable too doesn't detract from the fun of it.

The salt water or Oriental pearl is gathered, roughly speaking, on every coast within thirty degrees north and thirty degrees south of the Equator. The fresh water pearl you can get almost anywhere that water runs.

Every State of this country produces pearls, but usually the gathering is incidental to the collection of the shells of mussels for the sake of the mother of pearl. Up in New Brunswick the commercial side of it is rarely considered.

There is a river every now and then in New Brunswick, and in most of the rivers are found the mussels which produce the pearls. The headwaters and tributaries of the Petitcodiac and the Saint John

on these rivers are the best places to fish for pearls.

A popular place with these amateur pearl fishers is Sallisbury. If Sallisbury were larger it would be a village. Near it are the North and Little rivers, branches of the Petitcodiac. The pictures which accompany this article are of parties from Moncton who have driven twenty miles or more.

The first thing for the pearl fisher to do is to dress for the occasion. Pearl fishing objects are that the fisher wear the better. A bathing suit may be suitable, but some consider it altogether too dressy for so unconventional an occasion.

be ascertained in time for publication.

After you get your pictures taken in your stage clothes—which is a very necessary part of the performance—you take to the water. It is considered perfectly proper to splash your neighbor at will even if he is half under water grabbing for a clam.

It might be explained here that the pearl mussel of fresh water rivers is always called a clam. It isn't right of course, for a clam does not produce real pearls. Whether or not the clam appropriates the compliment could not be learned.

When every one has collected a reasonable number of the clams, he or she, as

There is a more serious side to amateur pearl hunting which brings about much better results. It's like trout fishing; you don't want a crowd if you desire to get a full crop.

No one or two men will take a few days off and beat the streams in parts not usually frequented by the picknickers. They find just as much pleasure in extracting a large pearl from an inoffensive clam as the fisherman does when he lands a trout after a hard fight or a hunter when he brings down a moose. They don't want the pearls to sell, but to give to daughters or wives or as souvenirs, or if the finds are especially good to friends.

You often hear it said that fresh water pearls have no commercial value compared with the Oriental pearls. That is not true now, though it may have been true thirty years ago. The reporter to whom this was told went down to Maiden lane to find out.

American fresh water pearls of great value were shown to him. One firm has in stock a pair of Mississippi pearls, weighing 4½ grains, which were priced at \$800. A pink pearl weighing 14½ grains was exhibited with the remark that \$400 wouldn't buy it.

The reporter heard about a pearl that was sold in Chicago some years ago for \$450 and brought \$10,000 recently in the London market. He heard about the black pearl found in 1857 near Paterson, N. J., which was sold to the Empress Eugenie for \$2,500.

It was the finding of this pearl which started the society for pearls in this country. Now they are found in abundance in Tennessee, Kentucky, Iowa, Wisconsin and other States.

When the reporter asked the jewellers the difference between the fresh water and the Oriental pearl, he was told to "see Catelle." He was the man who kept track of such things, they said.

"Catelle" proved to be Wallis R. Catelle, who when he isn't buying and selling dia-

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Mrs. Julia De Wolf Addison has just completed designs for the communion silver for the diocese of Hankow in China. The requirement was that the design should combine the Christian feeling with the Chinese. It was from the easy task but the result has been approved both by the Chinese authorities at Hankow and by the critics in America.

A royal decree has just been issued in Holland abolishing the rule promulgated three years ago which forbade women employed in the postal and telegraph offices to marry.

Dr. Julia Bang-Klink is the first woman physician to attempt to pass a winter at Advent Bay, Spitzbergen. The place has been uninhabited in winter until this year, when two companies decided to work the rich coal mines there and advertised the two physicians to go with the expedition. Dr. E. Klink and Dr. Julia Bang-Klink, husband and wife, applied for the jobs and got them.

Dr. Julia Bang-Klink is a graduate of Christiania University. She came to America as assistant to Drs. Christensen and Gunderson of La Crosse, Wis. Later she returned to Norway, where she married Dr. Klink. They took their wedding trip to Spitzbergen and will complete their honeymoon at Advent Bay on the Arctic Ocean.

The winter colony at Advent consists of something more than 100 persons, about seven of whom are women.

The Young Liberal party of Bavaria at its recent national convention voted unanimously to invite women to join all branches of its society as soon as they could do so legally. There is now a movement to have the old law prohibiting women from becoming members of political associations repealed. When this is accomplished it is expected that the women of Bavaria will avail themselves of the invitation from the Young Liberals and also that other political parties will open their doors to them.

The Rev. Marie Jenney Howe, president of the Consumers' League of Ohio, was born at Syracuse, N. Y. Her father, her brothers and her only sister were all lawyers. She chose to be a minister and became pastor of the First Unitarian Church at Des Moines, where she built up a large and flourishing congregation.

After ten years in the ministry she married Frederick C. Howe of Cleveland, a lawyer, now a State Senator, and the author of "The City of the Future of Democracy." It is said by friends that Dr. Howe will in the future devote her time to the Consumers' League and the Child Labor League of Ohio.

The new woman suffrage association of Lausanne, Switzerland, is meeting with pronounced success. It is the first association advocating equal suffrage formed in that part of Switzerland and even the most ardent advocates of the cause have been surprised at the cordial support given it by the people, both men and women.

It is called the Association Vaudoise pour le Suffrage Feminin. The number of members already enrolled is larger than was expected.

At the last annual meeting of the New England Teachers' Association in Boston all the speakers were men and all the officers elected for the association, with the exception of three or four assistant secretaries, were also men. This was done in spite of the fact that more than three-fourths of the members of the association are women.

Over in Stark county, Ohio, they do things rather differently. There the women teachers, being excluded from the banquet of the association, became indignant and when time came for the election of officers only women were elected to serve on the board for the coming year. The women teachers declared that they believed that a mixer board was best, but they were determined that the men teachers should feel what it meant to be heaver vessels. They formed a majority of the association and they wanted the men to see what they could do.

Mr. Catelle said that the fresh water pearls were of as many varieties of color as the Orientals. Environment has a great deal to do with the color. In Michigan, where the streams flow through iron and copper deposits, many black pearls are found.

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DREAM HE CAN'T GET OVER.

The Surgeon Still Has a Nightmare of Losing a Job of 30 Years Ago.

One of the highest rated surgeons in New York recently was brought into a little talk about dreams.

A patient of the surgeon's had said: "I should think, hacking away at folks three and four times a day as you do, that your dreams at night would be pretty middling hideous. Shouldn't you'd wake up of mornings not only unrefreshed but with a mind burdened with the memories of horrible dreams?"

The surgeon laughed at that. "Wholly wrong," he said. "I'm one of the best sleepers on this island. When I wake up I usually fall to whistling within a minute or two. My wife frequently rebukes me for that. She considers it's had luck for a fellow to whistle before breakfast. I think, though, that her real reason for discouraging my morning whistling is that I have a poor ear for a tune and she can't abide my music."

"Well, anyhow, I sleep between eight and nine hours every night, and sleep, too, like a coon dog full of cornbread and pot liquor. Rarest thing in the world for me to dream at all. But when I do dream, what do you suppose I dream about?"

The prosperous surgeon broke off into a little chuckle.

"My one dream, when I do dream," he went on, "is a dream of fear that I'm going to lose the only job I ever held down before I went to work at my profession. When I was a young fellow I went to work as a clerk in a silk mill over in Paterson. My father was a struggling clergyman of us. All of us, boys and girls, were an age to do anything but to pile in and help. We all got jobs somewhere."

"My job paid me \$4 a week. It was counted a pretty good job at the time. As I remember it, I wasn't a poor sort of clerk at all. At any rate I appeared to give satisfaction to my employer. But after I'd been working at the job for a year or so and was all tied up trying to learn how to be a surgeon a period of depression fell upon the silk-making business in this country and the factory where I clerked began to lay off hands. Then, from operatives in the mill, other hands began to be furnished. I stuck, but my tenure was very uncertain. Fellow at desks all around me were getting their fateful layoff envelopes, and that of course kept me in a state of constant panic. I needed the eight per cent distressfully, and the thought of having it taken away from me was awful. It ran me down in health and vitality."

"I dreamed every night during that somewhat protracted period of suspense that I was jobless, and then I'd wake up in a cold sweat, but most uncommonly tickled to know every time that it had been but a dream. I never had the nerve to go to my boss and ask him, so's to get it off my mind, how long he intended to permit me to hang around on my job. Probably he wouldn't have told me anyhow, being a worried man."

"I know now, of course, that the kindly boss really permitted me to hold on to my job through all the trouble for the silk industry solely because he knew about my circumstances, the size of the family of which I was one, and about how I was studying to be a doctor. My work wasn't necessary to his business at all through the silk depression, and I was really a pensioner."

"After eight or ten months the silk business picked up, and the laid off hands and clerks were taken on again, and I went ahead and got my sheepskin and eventually worked my way into a practice."

"But that one dream has never deserted me. I do not take many chances on damaging my health. But whenever I do, at a class dinner or blowout or some social affair, overeat or oversnooze or something, and then pass through a night somewhat restless, that is usual with me, that's the one dream that ever comes back to make me toss and turn over—the dream that I'm going to lose a job that I had more than thirty years ago."

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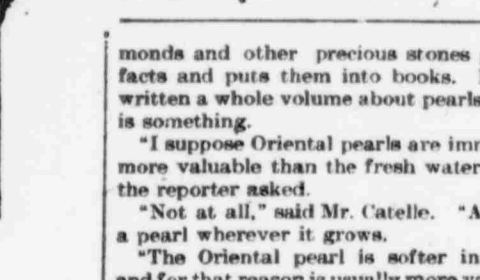
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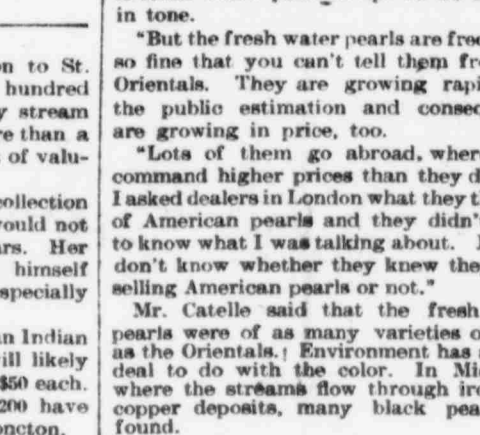
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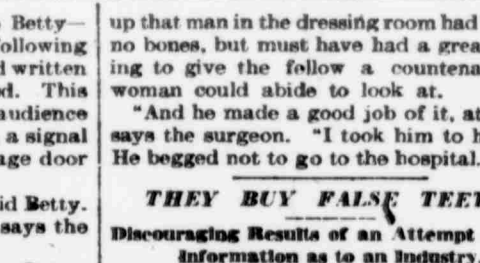
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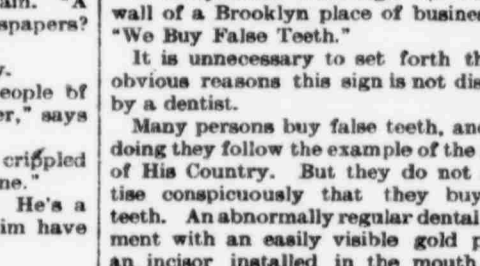
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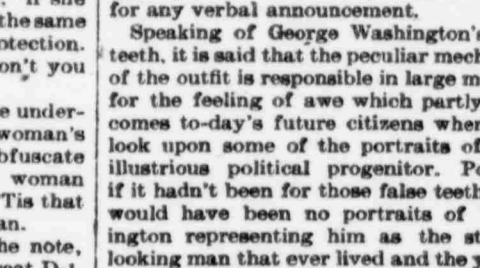
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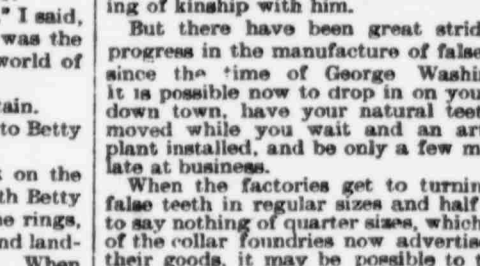
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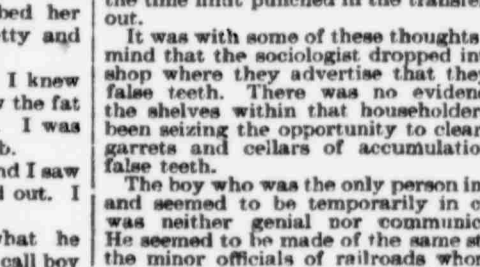
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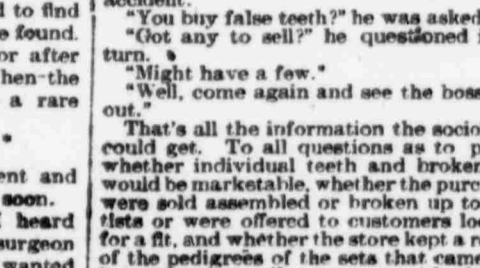
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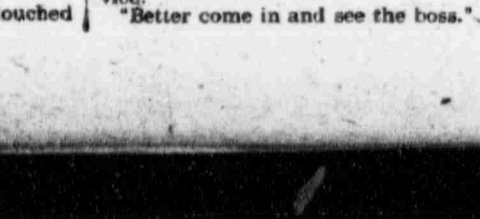
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TAKING A REST.

BETTY SHOWED HER NATURE

A WEDDING AND AN AMBULANCE CALL TWO RESULTS.

Rosebud Tells How She Regulated the Affairs of the Duval Family and Saw that a Master Girl, His Deserts—A Job for Capt. (Properly "Sir") McGowan.

Well, sir, that word of mine, Lady McGowan, will make a net of anything that is beautiful, a child or a woman, a cat, a rose or a scarf-pin. I've twenty scarves, this shows, given me. If they have beauty they own her. "This her nature."

"It was why she married me," says Capt. McGowan, who dislikes the "Sir" to his name now that he's half American.

"I married you," says Betty to him, "as a life partner for failing in love with you, and I fell in love with you out of pity for your lonely life, which a Rose's bayonet made no regretter than nature made it."

They will have their jokes with each other. But you may mind my telling you the story of the actress that Betty took under her care; the same who got Betty's trunk of clothes by mistake. That woman, Mrs. Stone she is off the stage, has a little girl named Patsy, and she's called Patsy, which is mixing up the nations, for that Patsy comes from the Spanish in the mother's family.

Very old, Patsy, when she'd been fed up and dressed up, and made a playmate of Betty's own little girl, she comes out as beautiful a child as ever was born in California from that Spanish-Irish breeding. It was the mother's pride made her take the pretty youngster away from Betty even before the mother had her own little home settled. And at first it was not much of a home—with old debts to pay and new expenses to meet.

Which makes no difference to Betty. Every matinee day when the actress's mother could be at the theatre Betty would give Patsy a ride in the Park and tea and a link with her own girl. It was that way she got to know some sort of people she had no notion there was in the world.

This was what was called a theatrical boarding house, and it turned out, as you might say, a museum of human history to Betty. She came near to having a short welcome there, for one day when she went for Patsy she calls for her landlady and orders her to keep her entrance and hall more tidy.

So this here landlady tosses her head in the air and wants to know who is this meddlesome swell trying to teach her how to run her boarding house. Betty told the story to the Captain and one afternoon, and it was a good comedy, too.

Betty was threatening to bring the health officers in a body to take action when one of the boarders passed a tip to the landlady who Betty was. That put the landlady wise that the little woman who was ordering her round was the angel who put up for the bills of those women boarders who looked into the mirror of life and saw only hard work reflected there.

So it was with her visits and her questions and her interest in all this new world of stage folk that Betty got us all mixed up in the story of the Duval family.

I'll lay you a bottle there's many a man of my age who will think of the Christmas pantomimes of years ago if you mention that name, for the Duval family was as regular a part of the show as Punchinello and Columbine. When Betty says the words "Duval family" I was back in the gallery at old Niblo's staring my eyes out at the beauty and the marvel of that family: trapezists they were, and tumblers and acrobats.

Betty orders Capt. Crawford and me to go with her. In two of the cheapest and meanest rooms in that boarding house lived the Duval family: an old, broken man and a girl, his granddaughter.

The walls were covered with faded posters, carefully pinned and even attached where they had been torn, posters showing that wonderful family of performers; there were eight of them. Those, and the legal right to use the title "the Duval Family," were all that remained to the broken old man, he who was the head of the family.

I'll not trouble you with the story; how when the married children had trained children of their own they parted from the old company and went their independent ways. All but this one grandchild.

There had been quarrels, disputes, over the right to the name—they were an English family named Blodgett—and the old man found each year his engagements in cheaper houses at lower salaries. That stopped when he could no longer do his part in the name in which the grandchild had been trained.

Her parents were dead, but other troupes of the family had offered to take Rose, the grandchild, with them, for she was a clever performer. But the girl stuck to her old grandfather, working in choruses and such like when she could. For, you see, she had been trained only in team work and had no turn she could do without her grandfather.

Well, Capt. McGowan and I went there to visit them. It was hard to get the old man to talk about what we wanted to know—how best to get the girl employed. He was full of the days of his greatness, the ingratitude of his children. But Betty found a way.

She managed to let old Blodgett know that the captain was an English baronet. The change in the old man was wonderful to see. I was not his better. Betty was not, but Sir Crawford McGowan! Well, well.

He wanted a team mate for Rose. He must be a good man—a moral man. It seems there were more good tumblers than moral tumblers.

Well, as usual, Miss Jane was the one to get us out of our trouble. She knew of a young chap, only an amateur, but a good one and a decent lad, who wanted to go into the business. Old Blodgett hobbled around to the gymnasium where the young fellow showed his paces.

"He'll do," says the old man, "if my lady says he's a moral man."

Betty of course took the boy's character at Miss Jane's word, and Blodgett soon had him and Rose practising every day for a team turn.

Betty by this time was so worked up over her plans that none of us had any rest at all. The success of that team was more

on her mind even than her own gowns. And that's the mind she had.

The Captain and I went with her when she called on the man who engages the attractions for the vaudeville combination.

"I've some acrobats I want you to engage," she says to the man in the brick way she has when she's out to land the goods.

"There's a little demand for acrobats, Lady McGowan," says he.

"Which makes no difference to me," says Betty. "You are to come and see them work to-morrow."

"But," says the agent, looking a bit blank at the way of her, "there are enough people in that line of work idle in New York to make a regiment."

"No doubt," says Betty. "But there's none so pretty as Rose Duval."

Well, he went to see their work, engaged them, and the party of us went to Hartford to see them on their first night. They were a bit, and old Blodgett, who travelled with them, wept with joy.

I was hoping we would go into some other game than vaudeville then, for what I'd seen on the under side of it had not entertained me. I'd recommend any one fond of candy never to go through the factories where it is made.

But when the Duvals, Frank and Rose as they were called, came into town to show, Betty was as deep in their business as ever. That was because she had learned that the young woman was in love with her team mate.

"I can see," says the Captain, "that when I'm an old, old man, my last days will be cheered by running errands for the grandchildren of this generation of Duvals. It is a loving wife who provides a comfort for her husband's old age."

You are all to go to the performance with me to-night," says Betty, "taking no note of the Captain's banter. 'I'm going to bring those young people home to supper, for he never has a chance to see Rose off the stage. How can he propose to her.'"

"I endorse the scheme," says the Captain, "chippie like. 'We'll make a party of it. Rosebud's valet is sparking your maid, my dear, and we'll have them to supper too. And the lobby on this beat is yearning for our cook, and they can be invited too. Think of the ripping supper the cook will give us!'"

We had a box, but Betty, against the rules of the theatre, was in Rose's dressing room. When she came to the box a turn or two before Rose was to come on, she was flaming mad. If she was a man I'd say fighting mad, for I've seen the same look in her father's eyes. It was usually just before trouble.

She threw a note into the Captain's lap. "Read that!" she says. "Then you'll understand why poor old Blodgett hobbles around after that child; never lets her out of his sight."

A man doesn't come to my age, son, through the path I've travelled to it without having his doubts now and then about the wisdom of God in letting some men live. But a decent man can avoid almost any kind of beast. This hard for women to do as much. Sometimes.

One man walked from Moncton to St. John, which is more than one hundred miles, hunting the pearl in every stream he came across. It took him more than a week, but he got a fine assortment of valuable stones.

One woman in Moncton has a collection of home grown pearls which she would not sell for many thousands of dollars. Her husband not only hunts pearls himself but has men out looking for especially fine specimens.

He will buy a lot of pearls from an Indian for \$15 or \$20 and among them will likely find six or eight worth from \$25 to \$50 each. Some pearls valued as high as \$200 have been found in the streams near Moncton.

The note—Rose had given it to Betty—was from a man who had been following the girl for a couple of weeks. He'd written her often, but she'd never replied. This note showed that he was in the audience then, and it asked her to give him a signal that he might meet her at the stage door after the performance.

"I told her to give the signal," said Betty. "What for, in heaven's name?" says the Captain.

"So that you can thrash him," says Betty. "Oh, I say!" exclaimed the Captain. "A street row, police court, newspapers? That's rather going it, my dear."

"Then Rosebud will," says Betty. "But the young woman has people by her own to do her fighting for her," says the Captain.

"People!" answers Betty. "A crippled old grandfather could thrash no one."

"But that young chap Frank. He's a lanky lad and an athlete. Let him have the fun of thrashing the masher."

Betty stared at the Captain. "You stupid old dear," she says, "if she showed Frank the note it would be the same as saying she had the right to his protection. She'd as well propose to him. Don't you understand?"

The Captain grunted. I doubt he understood. "I'm sure I didn't. It was woman's reasoning; a thing invented to obfuscate the mind of man. Without it woman would be as weak as she seems. 'Tis that which makes her stronger than man."

I had noticed some marks on the note. "D-I," and I looked at the man in seat D-1, and knew I had located the masher. "I'll take a